

MARVEL



1.25 US
\$1.75 CAN

37

UK 65p

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE



AUTHORITY

MARVEL COMICS PRESENTS **EXCALIBUR**

FEATURING: **LOOKHEED**
AND
WIDGET



**BLACK
PANTHER**

**THE DOUBLE-
SIZED EPIC
CONCLUSION!**

MARVEL COMICS PRESENTS™

Cover by DAVE COCKRUM
TERRY KAVANAGH editor
KELLY CORVESE
assistant editor
TOM DeFALCO
editor in
chief

Stan Lee Presents:
EXCALIBUR

WRITER — Michael Higgins
PENCILER — Erik Larsen
INKER — Terry Austin
LETTERER — Tim Harkins
COLORIST — Tom Vincent and Greg Wright

1

"DRAGON IN DISTRESS" — 7 of 8

A kidnapping caper and the most unlikely pair of super sleuths ever. This is one you've got to see to believe. Elementary, Excalibur, Elementary.

BLACK PANTHER

WRITER — Don McGregor
PENCILER — Gene Colan
INKER — Tom Palmer
LETTERER — Joe Rosen
COLORIST — Mike Rockwitz

9

"DAWN REUNION" — 25 of 25

If the Black Panther wants to learn if his mother resides within Anton Pretorius' elegant mansion, he must survive his battle with the psychotic mercenary, Elmer "Sex 'n Violence" Gore. At the moment, Gore is winning. While doing cartoon impressions, Gore is drowning the Great Cat in a beautiful, huge swimming pool. Dawn is on the horizon, but the Panther might not get to see it!

DEVIL SLAYER

WRITER — Dwight Zimmerman
PENCILER — Rodney Ramos
INKER — Jim Sanders
LETTERER — Jack Morelli
COLORIST — Mike Rockwitz

25

"TO SLAY THE DEVIL"

Eric Simon Payne—Devil-Slayer—is a demon-hunter. But the demons he now hunts are his own personal ones...

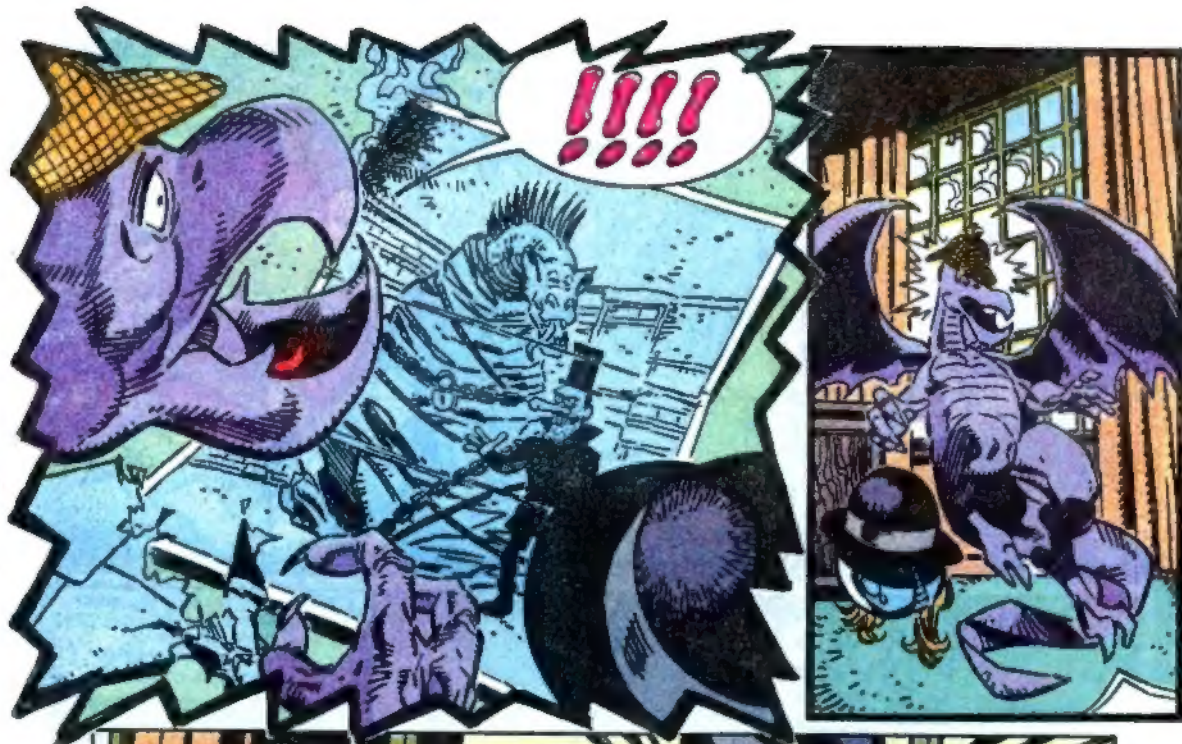
MARVEL® COMICS PRESENTS™ Vol. 1, No. 37, Late December, 1989.
Published by MARVEL COMICS, James E. Gailton, President, Stan Lee, Publisher, Michael Hobson, Group Vice President, Publishing. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016. Application to mail at second class postage rates is pending at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing offices. Published biweekly. Copyright © 1989 by Marvel Entertainment Group, Inc. All rights reserved. Price \$1.25 per copy in the U.S. and \$1.75 in Canada. Subscription rate \$15.00 for 12 issues. Canada and foreign, \$21.00. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. This periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the conditions that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition. MARVEL COMICS PRESENTS (including all prominent characters featured in the issue and the distinctive likenesses thereof), are trademarks of MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT GROUP, INC.



DRAGON DAMSEL IN DISTRESS







MEANWHILE...

OKAY, CAPTAIN BRITAIN, YOU'RE STILL LOST IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF MAKE-BELIEVE...

...ONLY IT LOOKS LIKE YOU'VE GOT YOUR STORYBOOK TALES MIXED UP!

HEY, BUDDY, WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?



AND...

IT'S A SHAME I HAVE NO TIME FOR PSYCHOANALYSIS BUT I REALLY MUST BE GOING!

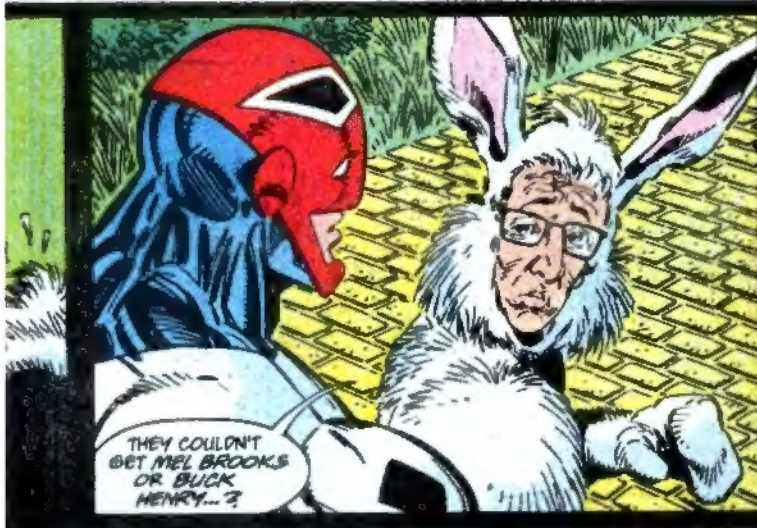
I'M TERRIBLY LATE FOR AN IMPORTANT DATE!

HEY! COME BACK HERE!

I'M... I'M...

SUDDENLY... FEEL SO GROGGY...





THEY COULDN'T
GET MEL BROOKS
OR BUCK
HENRY...?



ELSEWHERE...

A FEW MORE
MINUTES AND I
SHOULD HAVE
IT!



DO YOU THINK THIS WILL
WORK, SHADOWCAT?

YEP! I'M NOT JUST
WORKING IN THE
DARK ANYMORE,
MEGGAN!

I KNEW YOU
COULD DO IT,
KATCHZEN!

THANKS FOR THE
VOTE OF CONFIDENCE,
NIGHTCRAWLER!

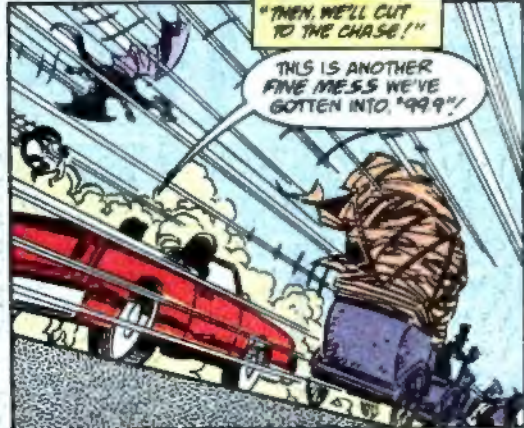
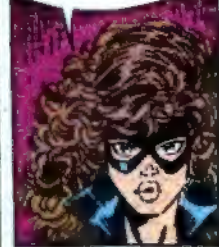
WHAT'S LEFT
FOR YOU TO
DO?

WE'LL JUST
SEE WHAT
HAPPENS WHEN
I PUSH THIS
BUTTON, PHOENIX!



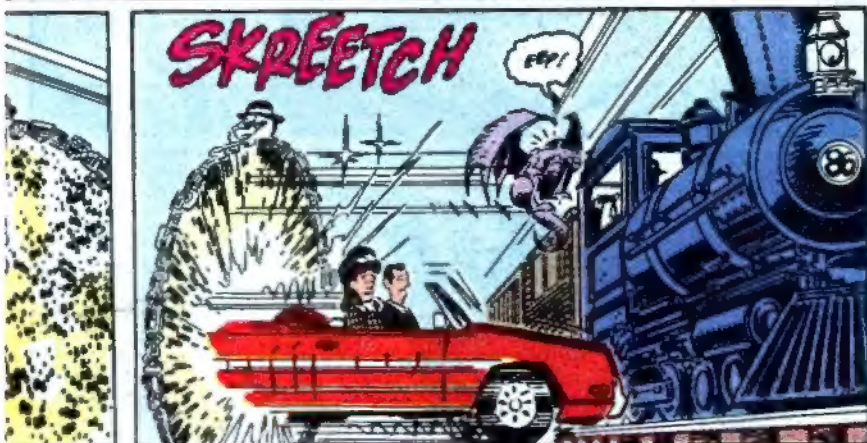
SLUMP

HYMM...IT SEEMS
TO BE WORKING.
NOW ALL I HAVE
TO DO IS MERGE
LOCKHEED AND
WIDGET'S PROGRAM
AND WE SHOULD
BE SET!



"THEN, WE'LL CUT
TO THE CHASE!"

THIS IS ANOTHER
FINE MESS WE'VE
GOTTEN INTO, "99.9"!

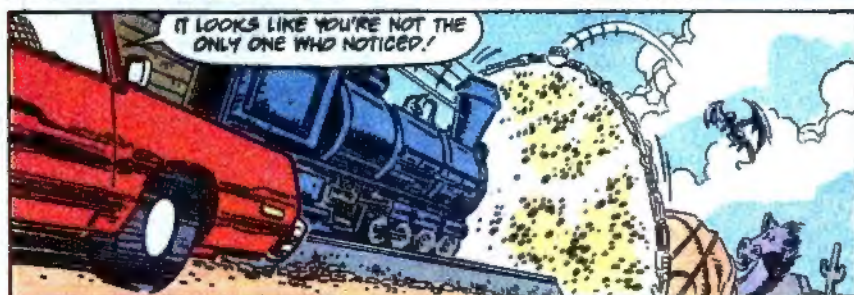
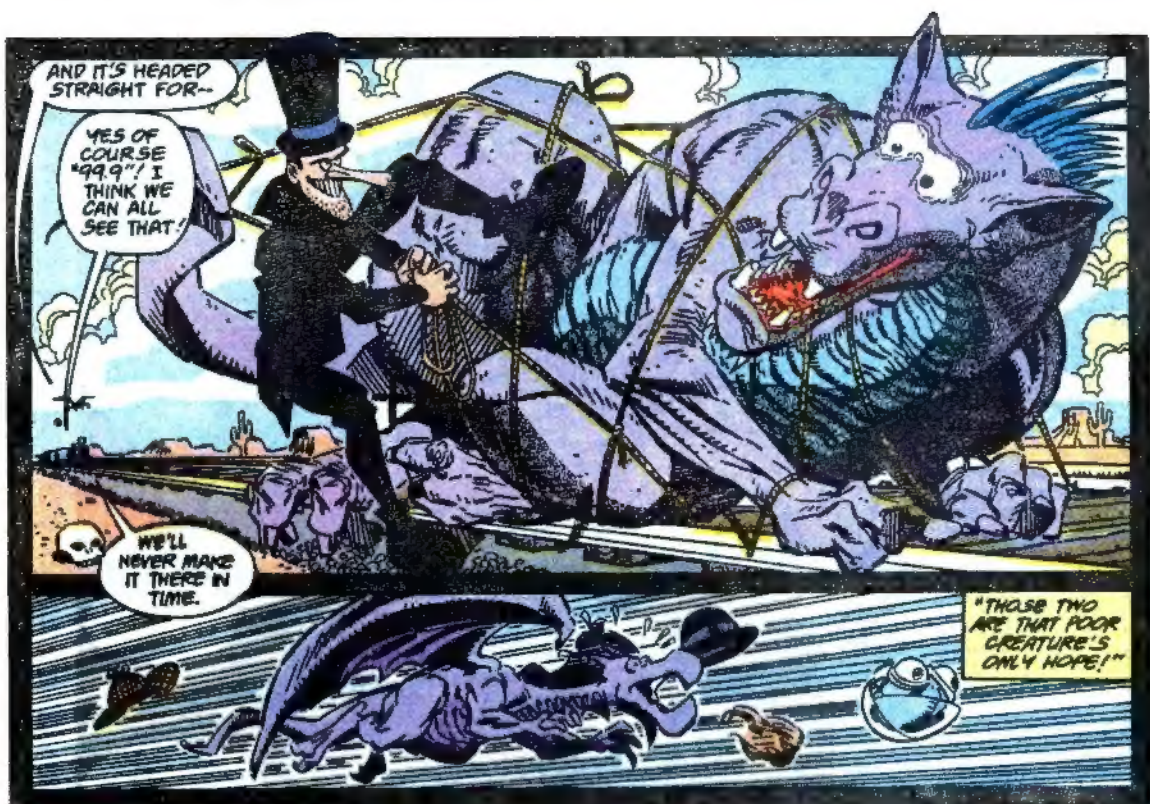


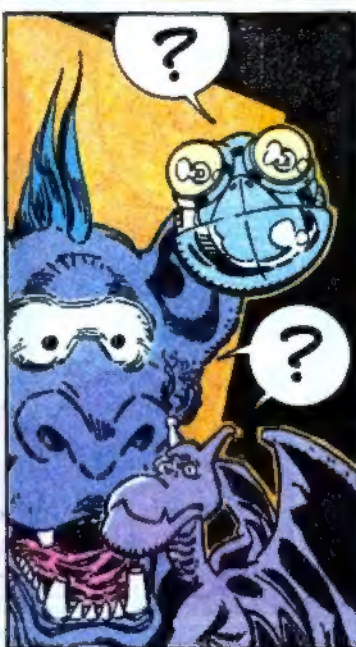
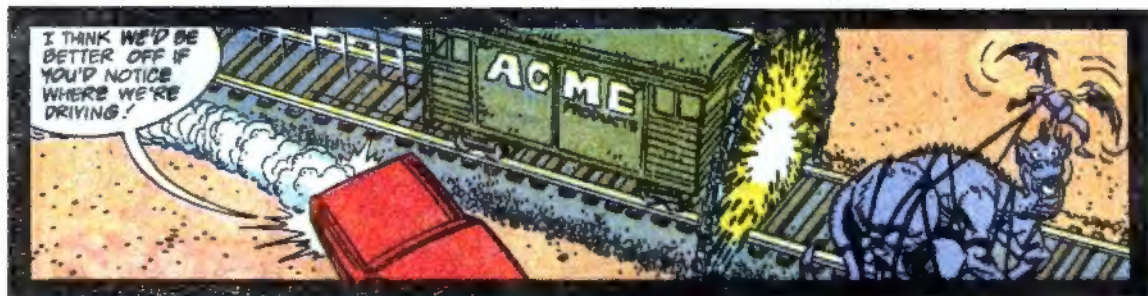
SKREETCH

EFP!



QUICK!
RUNAWAY
TRAIN!





OKAY, GANG,
EVERYTHING'S
TIED TOGETHER.

ALL I HAVE TO DO IS PHASE
US THROUGH THIS WALL, AND
EXCALIBUR SHOULD BE
REUNITED AT LAST!

SEE! WORKED
LIKE A CHARM!
THERE'S WIDGET,
LOCKHEED AND...
ER... LOCKHEED'S
"GIRLFRIEND"!

AND IF THOSE
ROTTIES I PLANTED
IN THE PROGRAMMING
ARE DOING THEIR STUFF.

"...THE LOONIES
SHOULD BE FEELING
THE EFFECTS RIGHT
ABOUT NOW!"

AND, THERE'S CAPTAIN
BRITAIN! HE WAS
THE ONLY ONE WHO
WASN'T ACTUALLY
IN SOME KIND
OF BIZARRE
MURDERWORLD!

UNTIL NOW, AT LEAST, EVERYTHING HE'D
BEEN EXPERIENCING TOOK PLACE
ONLY IN HIS MIND!

I'VE CHANGED
THE RULES A BIT,
THOUGH!

AND NOT A
MOMENT TOO
SOON! WE'RE
GOING TO FIND
THAT JOKER--
AND WHEN WE
DO, I'M GOING
TO STUFF THAT
GRIN OF HIS
DOWN HIS
THROAT!

CONCLUDES NEXT ISSUE...

PANTHER QUEST

"It was strange, he thought, to find himself vaguely on the defensive for what yesterday was accepted necessity. In the years that had passed he had never once considered the possibility that he was wrong. It took her presence to bring about such thoughts. And they were strange, alien thoughts."

—From the novel, "I Am Legend,"
by Richard Matheson, 1954.

Hardbound edition published by Nelson Doubleday.

STARRING: THE BLACK PANTHER PART XXVI

THE GREAT CAT IS DESPERATE.

NOSTRILS ARE FILLED
WITH HEATED WATER
THAT TURNS TO
RELEASED VAPOR
WHEN IT REACHES
THE AIR.

DAWN
REUNION

DROWNING IN WATER
WARM AS A SOOTHING
BATH.

ANTON PRETORIUS'S EYES ARE BLEAK WITH INEVITABILITY.

NEARLY EVERY DAY, FOR ALMOST THIRTY YEARS, HE HAS FOUGHT AGAINST THE IDEA THAT THIS DAY, IN SOME FORM, WOULD HAPPEN

CONFRONTATION

EXPOSURE.

GO AHEAD
LOCK ME UP.
IT WILL NOT
HELP YOU.

ALL YOUR FETTERS
AND PRECAUTIONS
ARE PATHETIC.
THEY WILL NOT
STOP WHAT IS
GOING TO HAPPEN.

EXPULSION FROM THE
SELECT, INNER CIRCLE OF
PARLIAMENTARY POLICY
DECISIONS.

HE HAS LIVED
WITH SECRETS
SO CONTRADI-
CTORY AND IN-
FLAMMATORY,
THAT SOMETIMES
HE IS OVERWHELMED
WITH THE SENSE
OF BEING TWO
SEPARATE MEN.

HE HAS LIVED WITH SECRETS
MANY OF HIS BRETHREN WOULD
HOLD AS PERVERSE, AND IN ANY
DISCUSSION OF SUCH CONDUCT, HE
WOULD PUBLICLY AGREE WITH THEM.

HOW COULD HE EXPECT THEM TO
COMMISERATE WITH HIS FLIGHT?

HE COULD
NOT BEGIN
TO EXPLAIN
IT TO THEM.

AND HE
PRIDED
HIMSELF
ON HAVING
A PERSUA-
SIVE WAY
WITH WORDS.

MAGISTRATE OF COMMUNICATIONS,
INDEED! IF THEY ONLY KNEW!

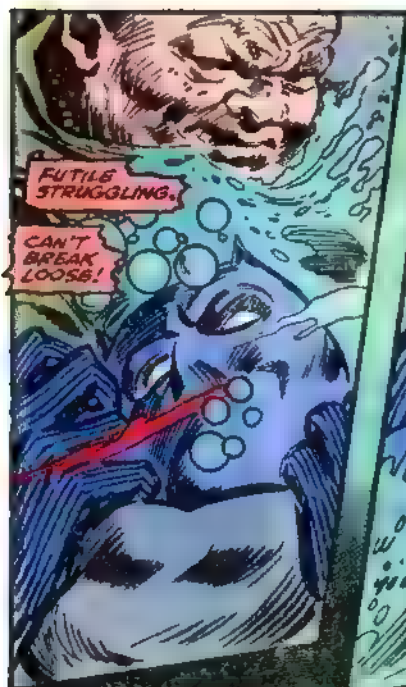
I'M GOING TO CHECK
ON THE LATEST REPORT
ON SECURITY MEASURES.

I WOULDN'T RAISE HOPES
TOO MUCH RAMONDA. I
TRULY DON'T WANT YOU TO
BECOME DEPRESSED IF
THIS TURNS OUT BADLY.

I WOULD SPARE
YOU FROM IT--

THEY WOULD BE
APPALLED TO LEARN
A HIGH-RANKING
CABINET MEMBER
LOVED OR WAS OB-
SESSED WITH DESIRE
FOR A BLACK WOMAN.

- BUT I KNOW OF NO OTHER
WAY TO STOP OUR WHOLE
WORLD FROM CHANGING.



FUTILE
STRUGGLING.

CAN'T
BREAK
LOOSE!



STRIVE FOR A
HAND-HOLD!

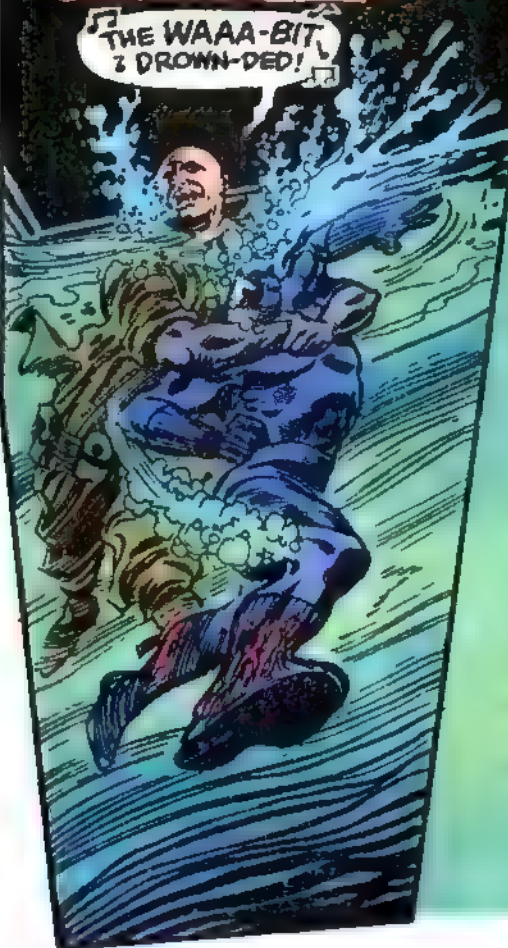


NOT ENOUGH HAIR!
GORE KEEPS HIS
HEAD TUCKED SO
THAT HE
CANNOT
REACH
THE SOFT
EYES.

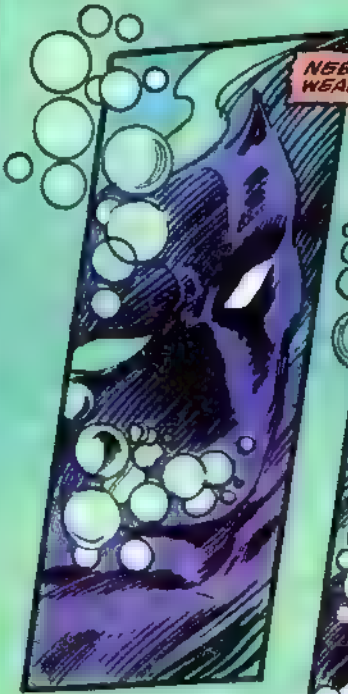


JAB THE
ELBOW BACK
INTO GORE'S
MID-SECTION.

THE SWIRLING, RAPID WATER
SLOWS HIS THRUST. GORE'S
FIRM STOMACH HARDLY NOTICES
THE REPEATED MANEUVER.



THE WAAA-BIT
& DROWN-DEED!



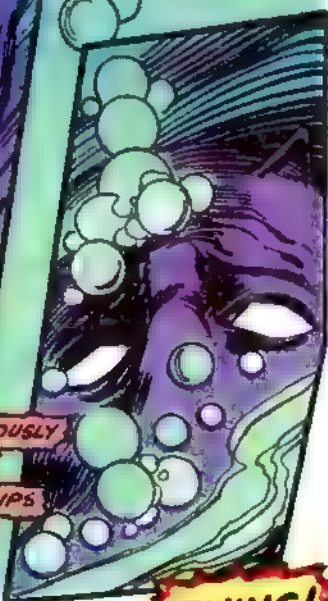
NEED A
WEAK LINK.

CAN'T BREATHE.

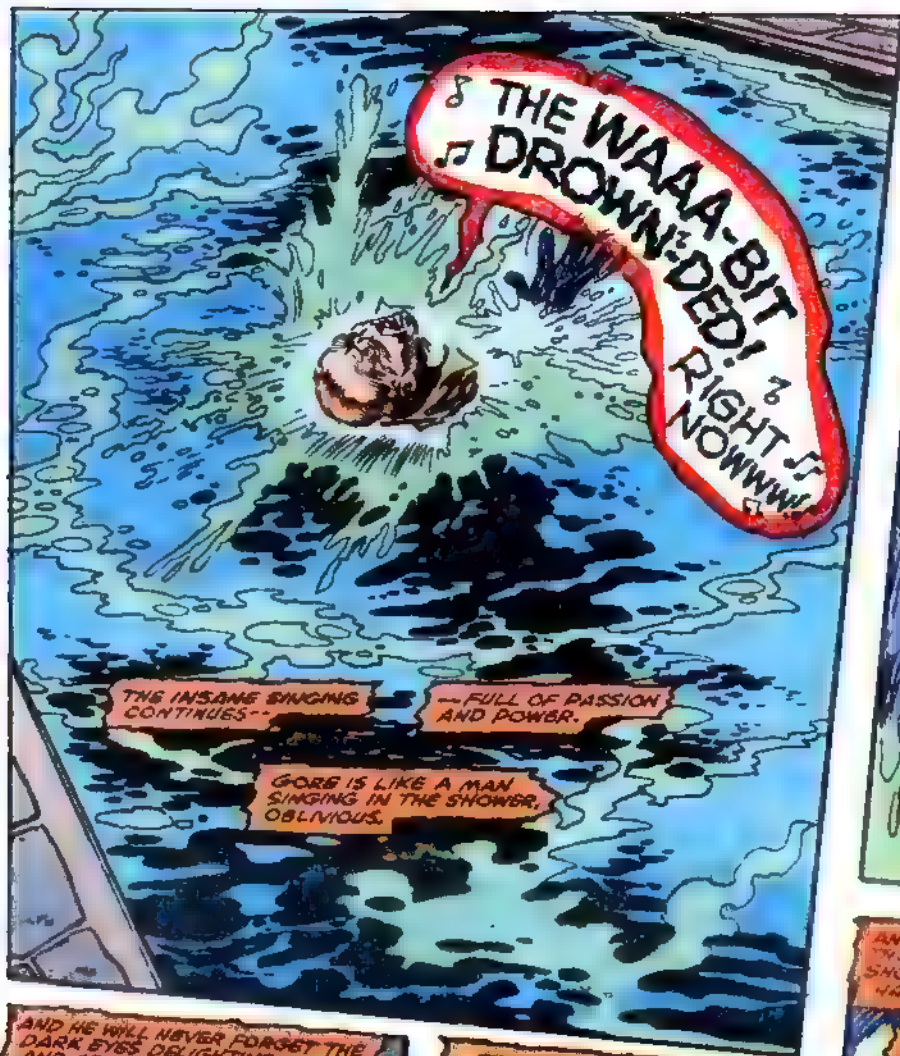
LUNGS ARE
GOING TO
BURST! DE-
MANDING
THAT HE
BREATHE!

HE HAS TO CONSCIOUSLY
FIGHT INHALING!

KEEP THE LIPS
CLOSED!



DYING!



THE LUNATIC EYEBROWS ARE MAULED BY WATER YET HE CAN ENVISION GORE'S FACE, A FACE EXULTING IN THE DELICIOUS IMPULSE OF MANIC SONGS.

THE MASS OF MISSHAPEN CARTILAGE OF BROKEN NOSE SO VIVID IN HIS HEAD.

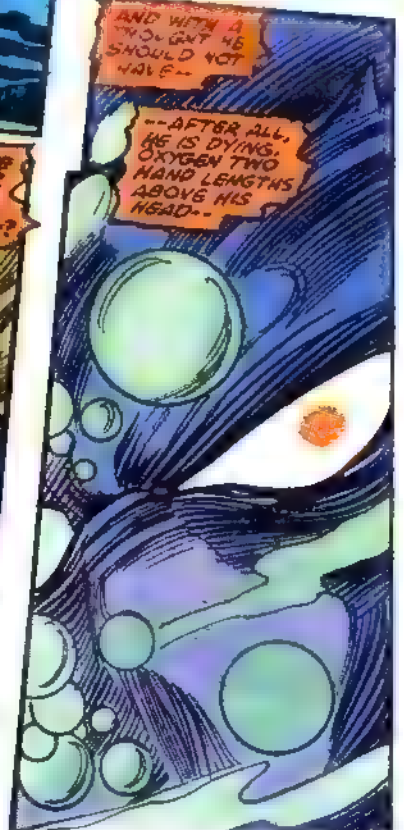


THOUGHT INTRUDES ON THE ILLUSORY FACE OF HIS KILLER AND THE SHARP CERTITUDE HE IS DYING. NOW DID GORE COME TO HAVE SUCH A SCAR?



AND WITH A THOUGHT HE SHOULD NOT HAVE--

--AFTER ALL, HE IS DYING. OXYGEN TWO HAND LENGTHS ABOVE HIS HEAD--



--COMES STARTLING INSPIRATION!
ONLY SECONDS LEFT TO SEE IF THE
IDEA WILL WORK.

BLACK SPOTS DANCE BEFORE HIS
EYES WITH WILD ABANDON.

BLOOD POUNDS LIKE
FURIOUS DRUMS IN
HIS TEMPLES.

HIS ARMS ARE BLURRING;
FINGERS GOING NUMB.

DON'T
BLACK
OUT!

RAW FINGERTIPS TRACE THE SCAR TISSUE.
HIS FINGERNAILS DIG IN SAVAGELY, TOP AND BOTTOM OF
SCAR-RIDGE IT IS LIKE TRYING TO PRY APART AN
OYSTER OBSTINATELY REFUSING TO YIELD A PEARL.

INTUITIVELY, GORE
REALIZES WHAT HE
IS TRYING TO DO,
AND WHIPS HIS HEAD
BACKWARD TO ESCAPE
THE GRIP--

--AND
AIDS IN
ACCOM-
PLISHING
THE ACT.

SCAR TISSUE
SEPARATES.

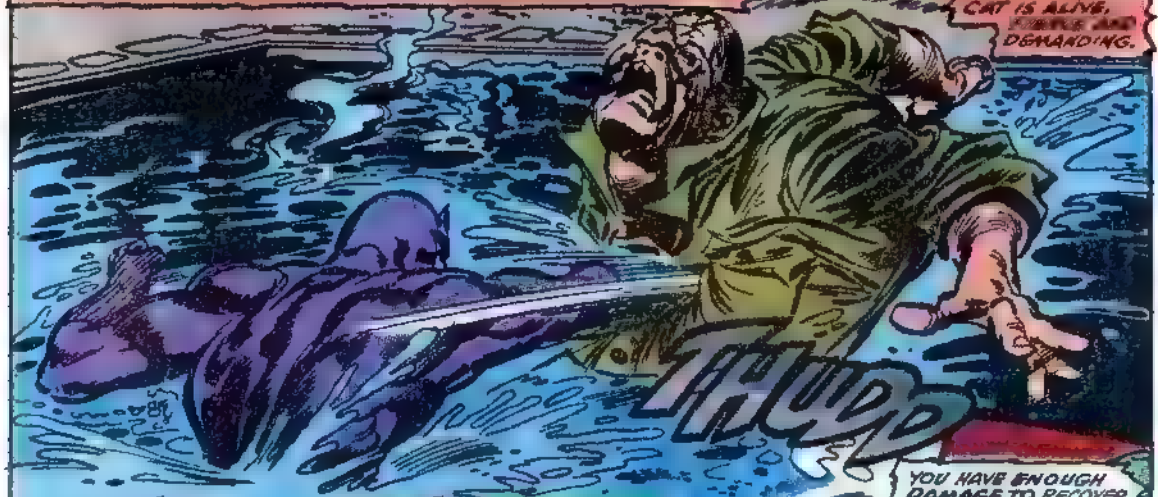
FLESH AND MEAT
TEAR TO SKULL BONE.

A RUSHING BLOOD TORRENT
FLOODS INTO GORE'S EYES!

GRIP LOST! SWING
INEFFECTUAL! BLINDED
BY HIS OWN BLOOD!

AIR RUSHES INTO HIS LUNGS, FEEDING OXYGEN-STARVED BLOOD--

THE CAT IS ALIVE, FURRY AND DEMANDING.



THUD

HE IS UNAWARE THAT HIS NOSTRILS
QUIVER WITH THE PANTHERISH SNARL
THAT ERUPTS FROM HIS CHEST.

WATCH OUT! LIFT
A MAN AS HEAVY
AS GORE WRONG--

--AND YOU'LL
GIVE YOUR-
SELF A HERNIA.

YOU HAVE ENOUGH
DAMAGE TO RECOVER
FROM WITHOUT ADD-
ING THAT UN-
PLEASANT
INJURY!



WHAT
HAPPENED TO
YOUR
SINGING,
GORE?

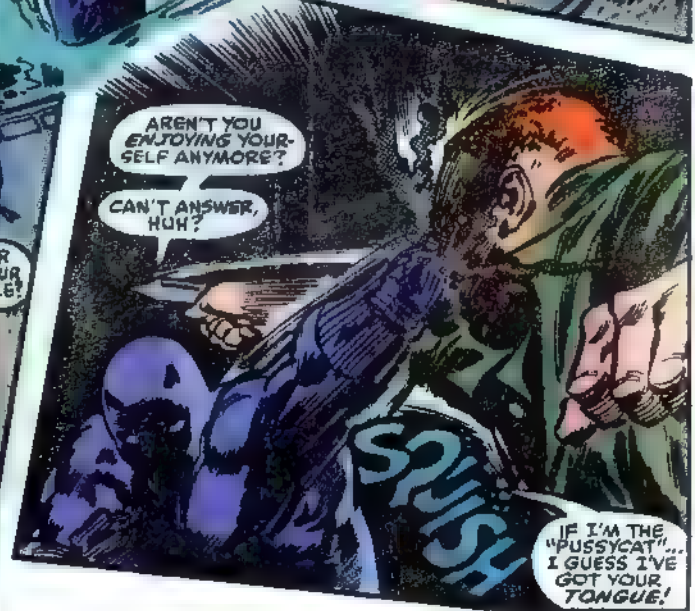


OR
YOUR
SMILE?



AREN'T YOU
ENJOYING YOUR-
SELF ANYMORE?

CAN'T ANSWER,
HUH?



SPISH

IF I'M THE
"PUSSYCAT"...
I GUESS I'VE
GOT YOUR
TONGUE!



GORE ASSESSES THE SITUATION.

THE SITUATION HAS RADICALLY TURNED. HE WOULDN'T HAVE BET ON THAT.

HE IS ON THE DEFENSIVE. TACTICALLY, HE IS NOT FOND OF THAT POSITION. STILL, HE WILL NOT GIVE IN. HE WILL NEVER QUIT. SIMPLE FACT. ONE HE IS SURE THE PUSSYCAT WILL UNDERESTIMATE.

NONE OF THE PEOPLE WHO EVER OPPOSED HIM AND WENT DOWN IN DEFEAT UNDERSTOOD THAT IM-PLACABLE TRAIT.

THAT DETERMINATION GOES BACK TO THE DAYS WHEN HE WAS VERY YOUNG TO THE PRESENT --



--FROM GRADE SCHOOL TAUNTERS TO THE SOLDIERS OF VARIOUS ARMIES.

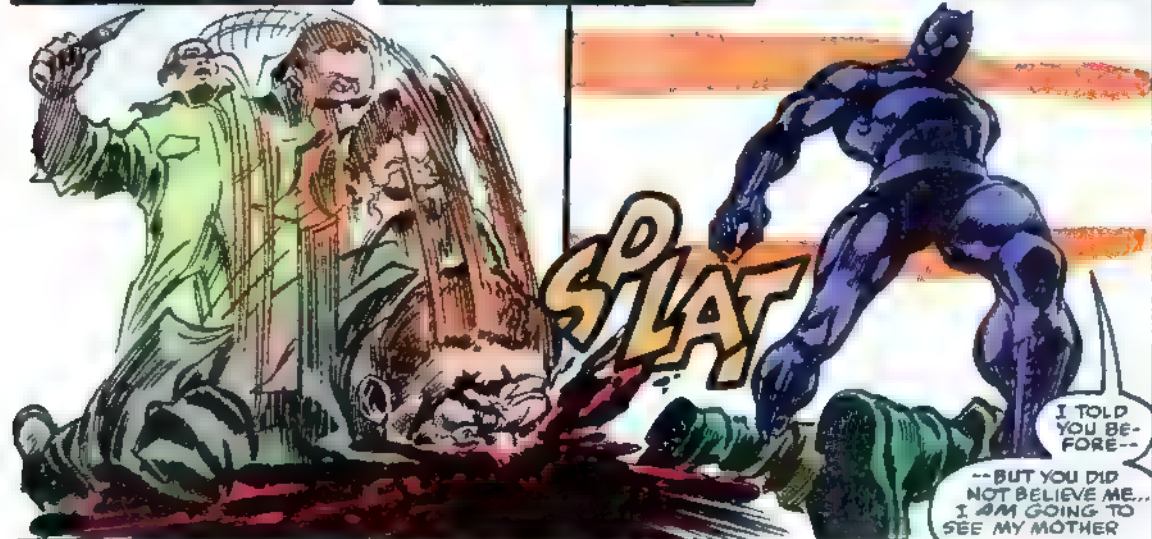
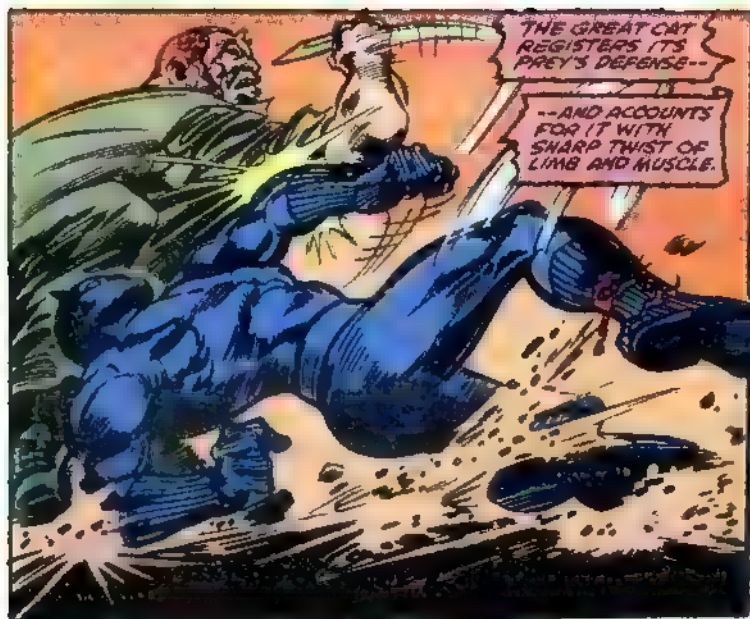
ELMER "SEX 'N' VIOLENCE" GORE COULD TAKE IT.

COME IN CLOSE, PUSSYCAT. THAT'S IT!

LET ME HAVE ONE CLEAN SWIPE AND I'LL GUT YOU SO QUICK--

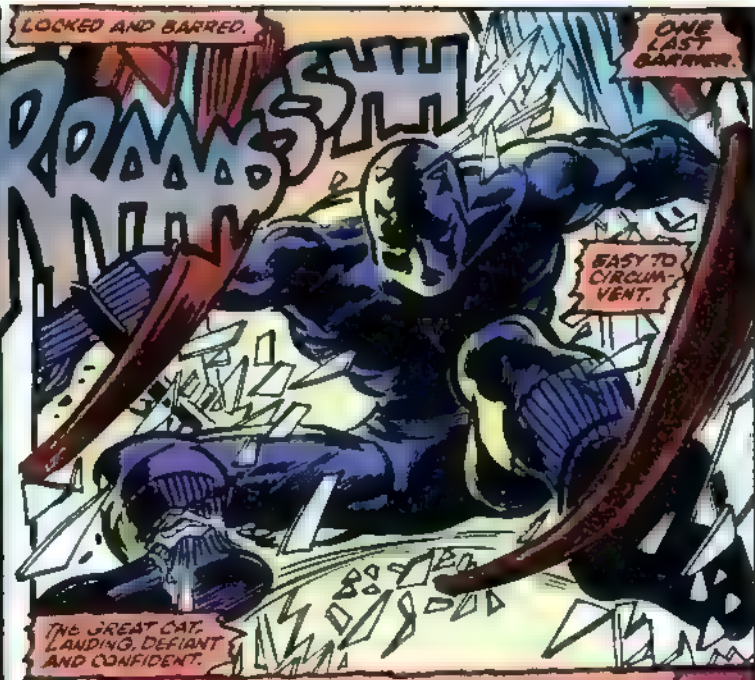
--YOU'LL BE LYING WITH HALF YOUR INWARDS SPLATTERING ON THE POOL TILES BEFORE YOU EVEN KNOW WHAT HAPPENED.







SHE
IS THE
ONLY
ONE
WHO
CAN
TURN
ME
AWAY



LOCKED AND BARRED.

ONE
LAST
BARRIER.

EASY TO
CIRCUM-
VENT.

THE GREAT CAT,
LANDING, DEFIANT
AND CONFIDENT.

HE SEES THE
WOMAN--

--CAT-EYES ALERT TO THE SCARS ON THE
METAL REINFORCED BED-POST--

--AND HE CAN VISUALIZE MANY PAST
FUTILE EFFORTS TO BREAK FREE

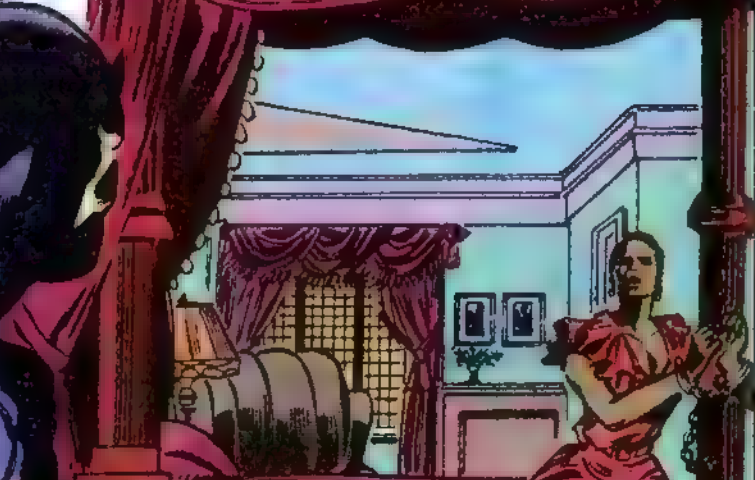


YEARS OF SCARRING
THE WOOD AND
LACERATING FLESH--

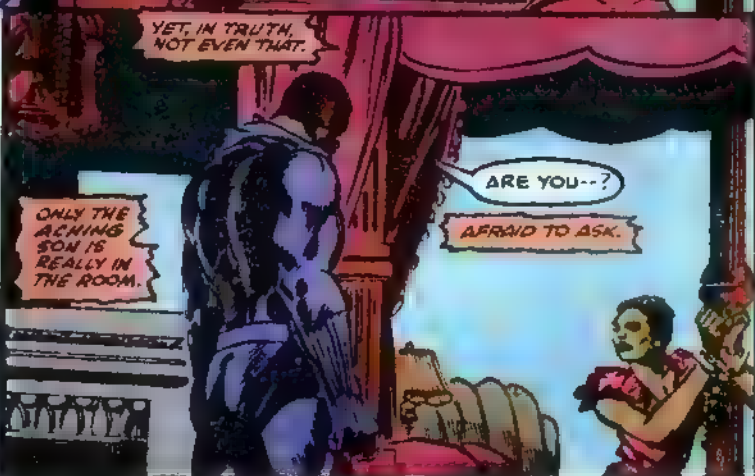
- NEITHER WOOD
METAL NOR SPIRIT
YIELDING.

THE GREAT CAT
IS LOST TO HIM.

HE IS LEFT WITH THE
MAN HE IS, T'CHALLA,
KING OF THE WAKANDAS.



YET, IN TRUTH,
NOT EVEN THAT.



ONLY THE
ACHING
SON IS
REALLY IN
THE ROOM.

ARE YOU--?

AFRAID TO ASK.



T'CHALLA?

-- MY MOTHER?

YESYESYES

HE MOVES WITH THE SKILL OF THE GREAT CAT--

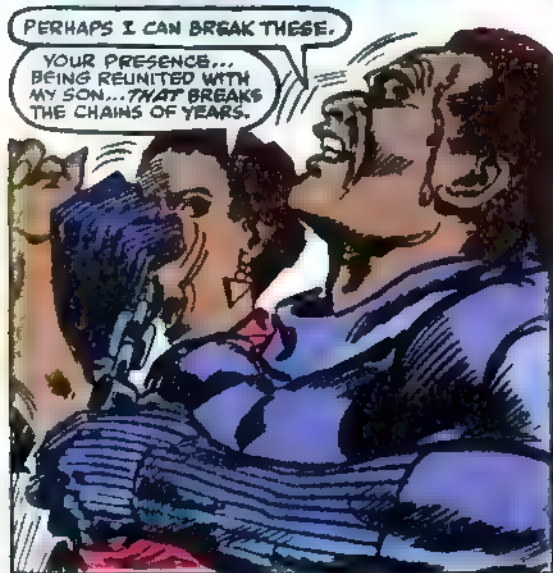
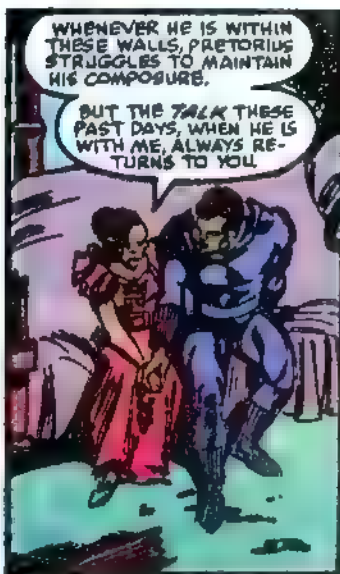
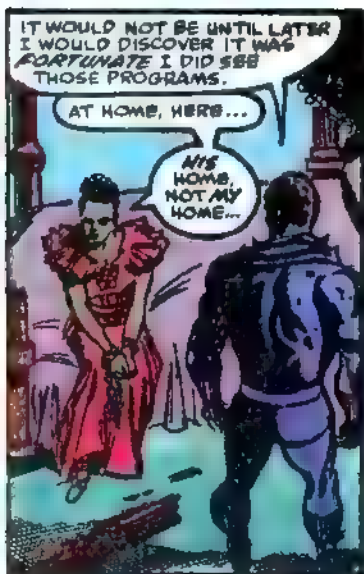
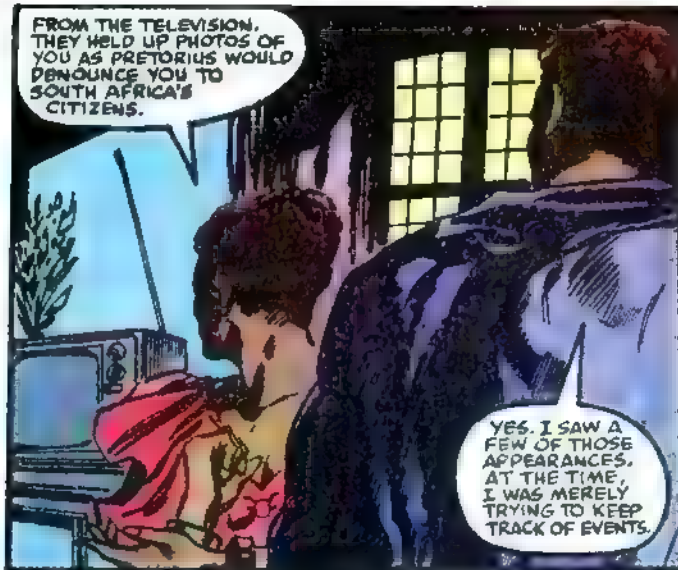
-- EVEN AS HE MARVELS AT THE TEARS RUSHING TO HIS EYES.

SHE IS WARM.

SO WARM.

THIN UNDER HIS HANDS, BUT TAUT WITH HARD STRENGTH AND UNIMPRISONED PASSION.

KRAAK



I WROTE THAT LETTER BECAUSE
I *FEARED* FOR YOUR LIFE.
SO MANY *AGAINST* YOU.

A LOT OF THAT FEAR
COMES FROM THE PAST.
I LOST MY FATHER... YOUR
MATERNAL GRANDFATHER...
LUNGILE... TO THE POLICE
DURING A *PROTEST* HE
ATTENDED, THAT WAS
PREACHING *PEACEFUL*
BOYCOTT.

HE WAS MURDERED BY
INSTITUTIONALIZED
WHITE GOVERNMENTAL
FORCES.

I LEFT WAKANDA TO RETURN TO
MY HOMELAND TO *BURY* MY
FATHER. AND YES, BEFORE YOU
ASK, YOUR FATHER CAME WITH ME
FOR THE *FUNERAL*... BUT THE
DEMANDS OF BEING A KING
CALLED HIM BACK, SHORTLY
THEREAFTER.

THIS WAS DURING
THE TIME THAT THE
MANY *UNIQUE*
PROPERTIES OF
VIBRANIUM WERE
BEING DISCOVERED,
AND HE HAD TO
CONTENT WITH THE
WAYS SUCH TECHNO-
LOGY WOULD *ALTER*
HIS COUNTRY.

MEANTIME, I HAD
STAYED TO HELP
CONSOLE MY FAMILY.
I BECAME MORE
AWARE OF HOW
UNJUSTLY MY
FATHER HAD DIED,
AND I JOINED
A PROTEST AGAINST
THE POLICE WHO
HAD FIRED ON
THE CROWD. WE
WERE *LUCKY* THEY
ONLY USED CLUBS
ON US. I WAS
ARRESTED THAT
DAY, THOUGH YOUR
FATHER NEVER
KNEW IT. FOR LIKE
MANY OTHERS
IMPRISONED,
I WAS SOON TO
SIMPLY CEASE
TO EXIST.

THAT WAS THE
DAY I FIRST MET
PRETORIUS. HE
SAW ME WHILE I
WAS IN A *DETEN-*
TION CELL. DAY
AFTER DAY, HE
KEPT RETURNING,
LOOKING LIKE HE
WANTED TO LEAVE,
BUT *COULDN'T*.
I WAS BEWILDERED
BY THE CONFLICT
OF DESIRE AND FEAR
I SAW IN HIS EYES.
NOW, I KNOW HE WAS
FIGHTING WITH
HIMSELF... A
FIGHT HE WAS
LOSING.

WE WERE BOTH
CONDEMNED
THE DAY HE
GAVE IN TO HIS
OBSESSION TO
POSSESS
ME. IT WAS
EASY FOR HIM
TO GET ME
FREED FROM
THE DETENTION
CELL,

EASY FOR
THE PAPER-
WORK ON MY
ARREST TO
DISAPPEAR

EASY TO
IMPRISON
ME HERE, TO
KEEP ME
HIDDEN
FROM THE
PUBLIC CIRCLES--

-- WHERE INTERRACIAL AFFAIRS WERE CONSIDERED IMMORAL. AT ANY RATE, I WROTE THE LETTER REJECTING YOU, WITH BITTER HEART BUT DRY EYE.

THAT LETTER... I HELD IT IN MY HAND AND KNEW IT WAS FROM YOUR HAND ... KNEW A LITTLE CHILD HAD DIED--

--AND I ALMOST LEFT ... BECAUSE I THOUGHT... THIS QUEST COSTS TOO MUCH.

AND THEN I REALIZED HOW MUCH IT WOULD COST ME, IF I GAVE IT UP, AND GIVING IT UP WOULD NOT CHANGE WHAT HAD HAPPENED.

A FRIEND TAUGHT ME TO UNDERSTAND THAT.

COST ME, FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE.

I AM SORRY. I DID NOT WANT TO LOSE MY SON, AS I HAD MY FATHER AND HUSBAND.

YOU SHOULD NOT BE SORRY. HE SHOULD.

IN A WAY, PRETORIUS 'S, HE WOULD DEARLY LOVE TO AVOID ALL THIS--

-- BUT THE REALITY OF APARTHEID IS A COMMITMENT OF A TERRIBLE DEED THAT WILL NOT LOOSEN ITS STRANGLEHOLD ON HIM--

-- ON ME... ON ALL PEOPLE OF THIS COUNTRY. AND SO, HE BECOMES MORE DESPERATE

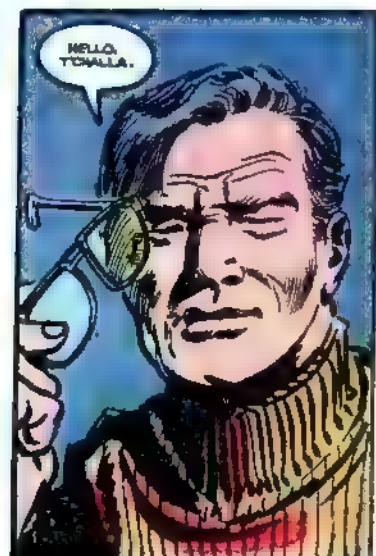
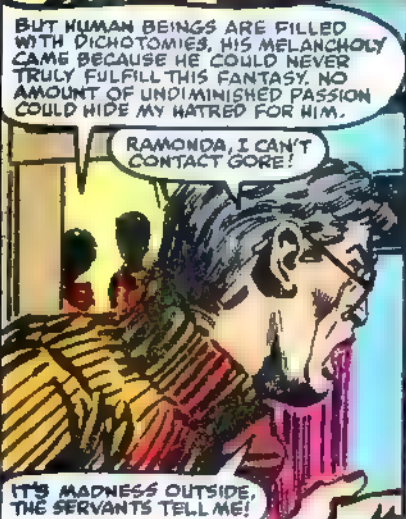
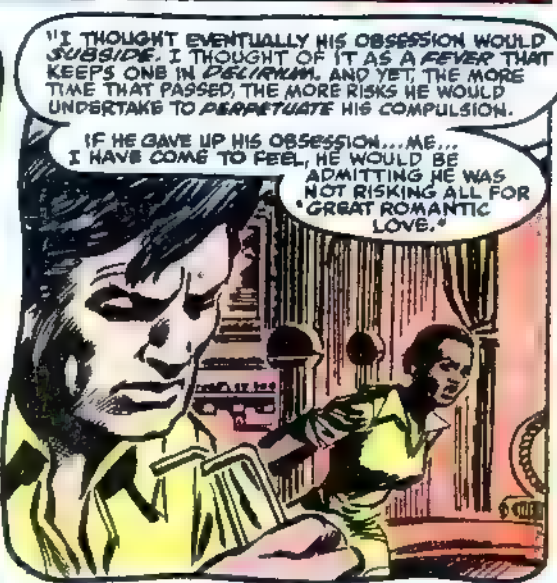
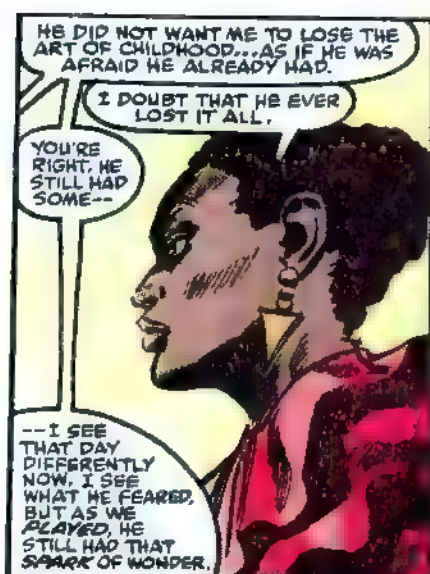
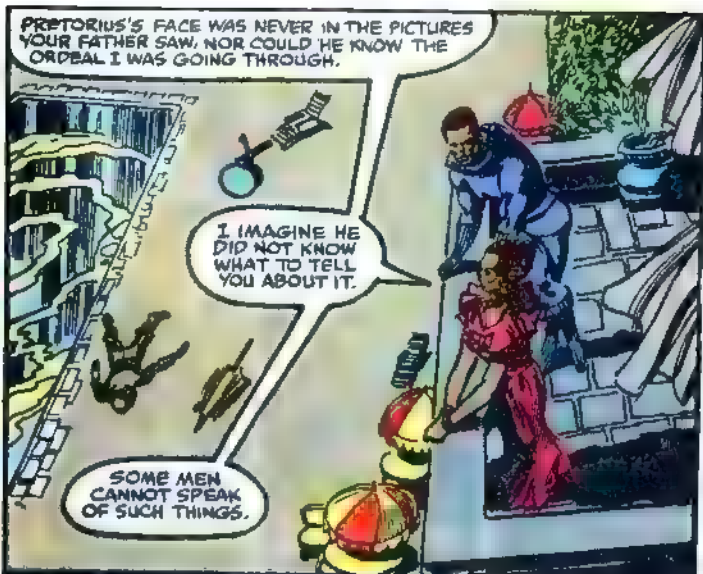
WHEN I WAS GROWING UP... FATHER NEVER TALKED ABOUT YOU... BUT I REMEMBER TIMES WHEN I ASKED HIM ABOUT YOU... AND HE WOULD LOOK SO VULNERABLE... SO STRUCK WITH A LONELY PAIN HE NEVER CONFIDED.

WHY DID HE NOT SEARCH FOR YOU? WHY DID THE MENTION OF YOU CAUSE HIM SUCH SORROW?

YOUR FATHER DID SEARCH FOR ME BUT IT WAS AS IF I HAD BEEN SWALLOWED BY THE WORLD. PRETORIUS HAD PICTURES TAKEN OF US... YOU CAN IMAGINE WHAT KIND--

-- AND THROUGH SOURCES YOUR FATHER WOULD CONSIDER RELIABLE HAD THOSE PHOTOS SURPRISINGLY DISCOVERED. THE STORY ACCOMPANYING THOSE PICTURES WAS THAT I HAD LEFT HIM FOR ANOTHER MAN.

SPLASH





YOU STAND THERE AND CALMLY SAY "HELLO" TO ME?



AFTER YOU HAVE STOLEN MY MOTHER FROM MY FATHER AND MET AFTER YOU IMPRISONED AND RAPED HER?

AFTER YOU HAVE GIVEN ORDERS UPON ORDERS TO HAVE ME KILLED?



WHAT ELSE TO SAY?



I THINK OF MYSELF AS A MAN OF ~~PEACE~~... PERHAPS I LIE TO MYSELF.

THOUGH I HAVE FOUND MYSELF THRUST INTO BRUTAL CONFLICTS, SOME THAT ENDED IN DEATH, STILL IT WAS NEVER MY INTENT. I WOULD PREFER TO GO THROUGH LIFE WITHOUT HAVING TO KILL ANOTHER HUMAN BEING.



TONIGHT TWO VIOLENT MEN DIED, AND A GOOD FRIEND WAS NEED-LESSLY BLOODED. YOU SEE WHAT APARTHEID BRINGS... REASONABLE MEN LOSING REASON... PATIENCE... READY TO STRIKE BACK IN KIND.

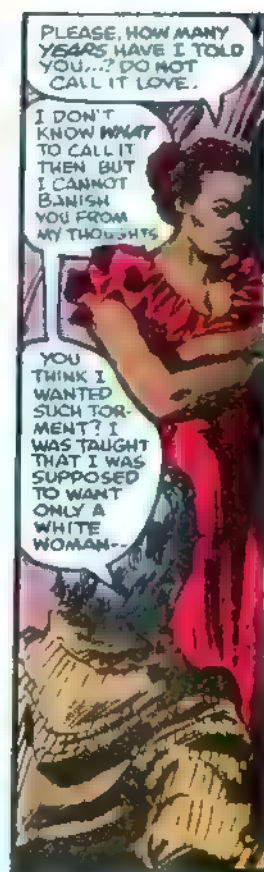


IT WOULD BE SO EASY TO HURL YOU FROM HERE.



BUT NOT EASY FOR YOU TO LIVE WITH, MY SON. PUT HIM DOWN, PLEASE.

LET HIM LIVE IN THE RUINS OF HIS LIFE. EVERYTHING HE HAS DONE WILL BE EXPOSED NOW.



TO SLAY THE DEVIL

DEVIL-SLAYER

GENERAL
YOUR TELEGRAM
WAS A SHOCK! YOU
KNEW IT WOULD BE.
AND YOU ALSO KNEW
THERE WAS NO WAY
I COULD REFUSE
THIS MEETING!

YOU'VE GOT
SOME HEFTY
EXPLAINING TO
DO! STARTING
WITH--

HOW AN AIR FORCE
MAN KNOWS ABOUT
XENOGENESIS, THE DEMONS'
PLOT TO RECONQUER EARTH,
AND YOUR ROLE IN
DEFEATING THEM??

I'M IN
DEFENSE,
MR. PAYNE.
IT'S MY BUSINESS
TO KNOW!
DRINK?

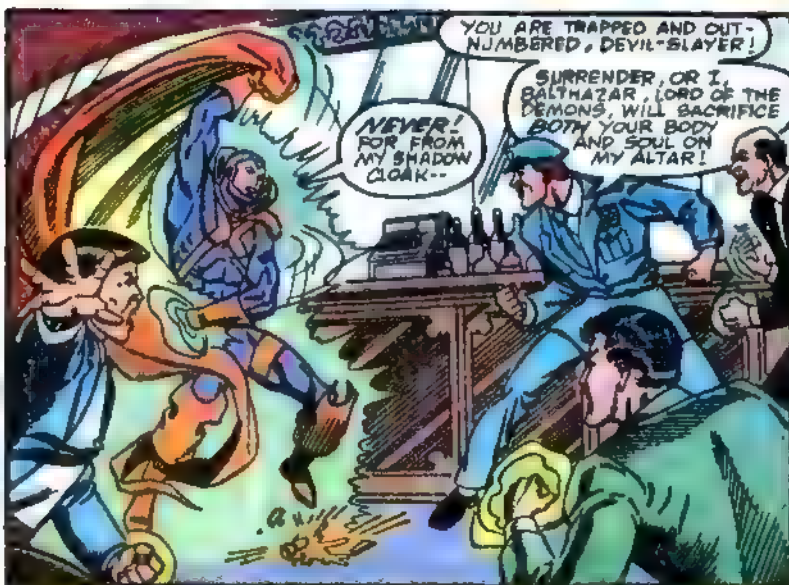
THE REASON
I ASKED YOU
HERE IS BE-
CAUSE WE
NEED YOUR
UNIQUE
HELP!

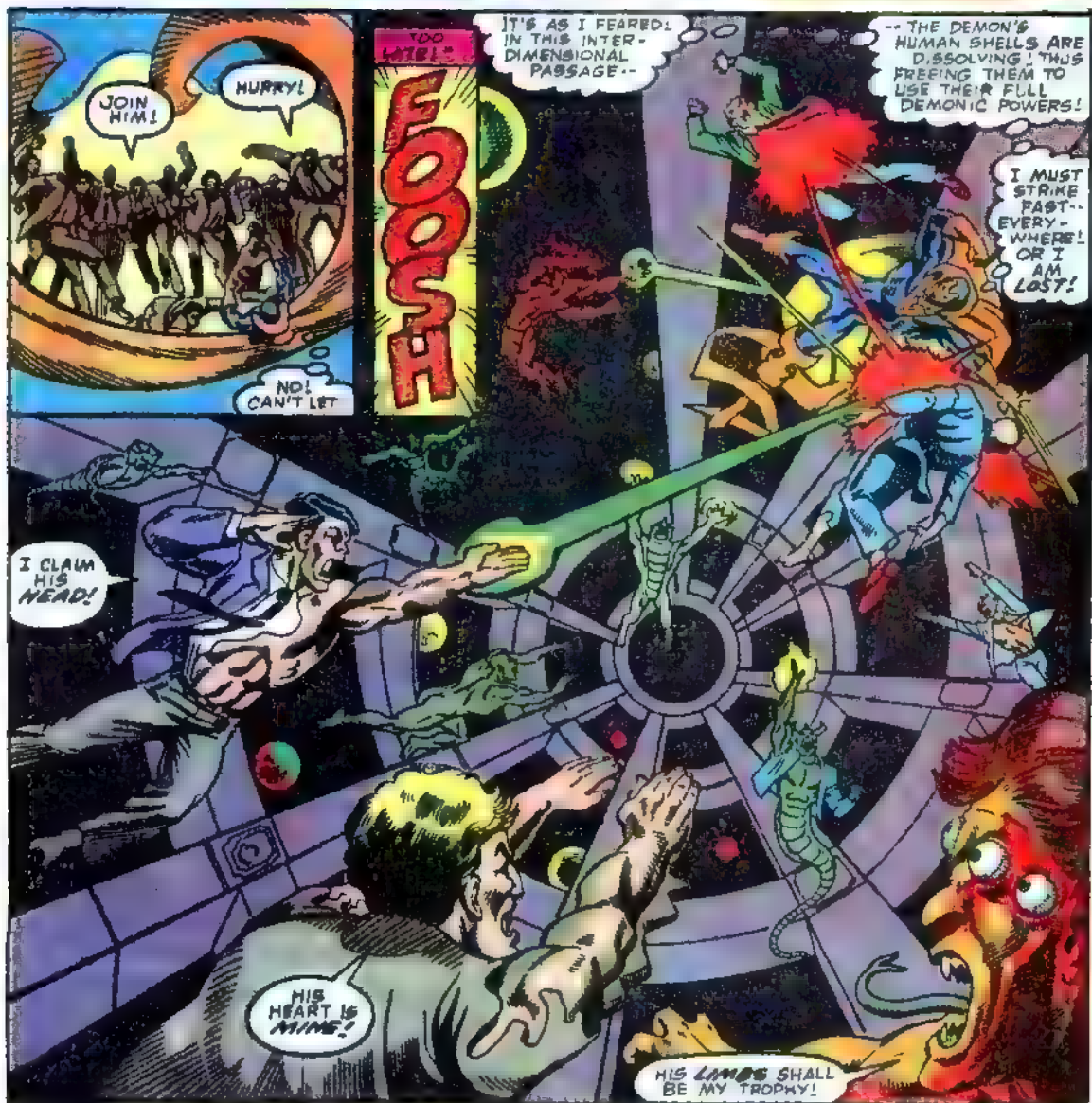
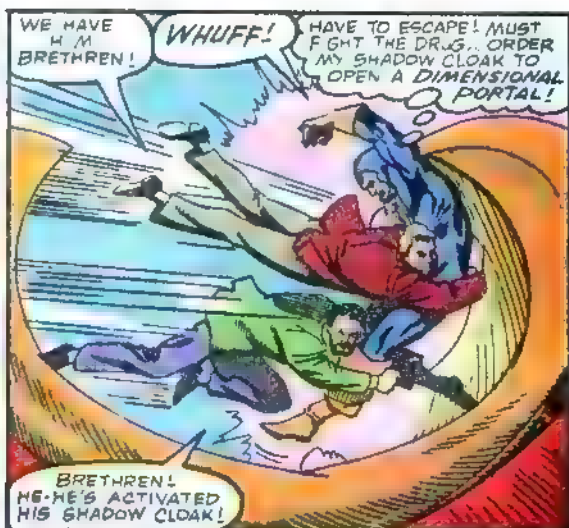
WHY WAIT?
WITH ONE
DENDOBOLT,
I--

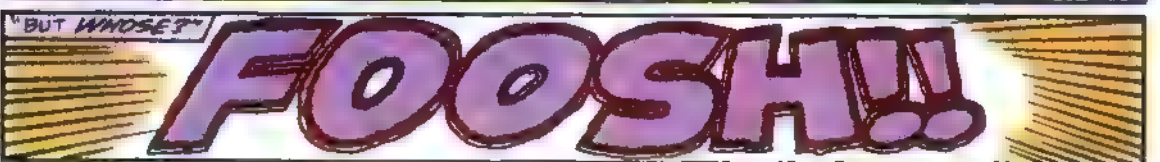
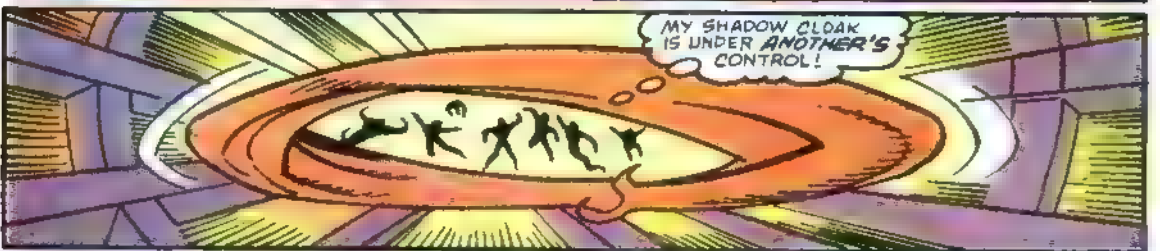
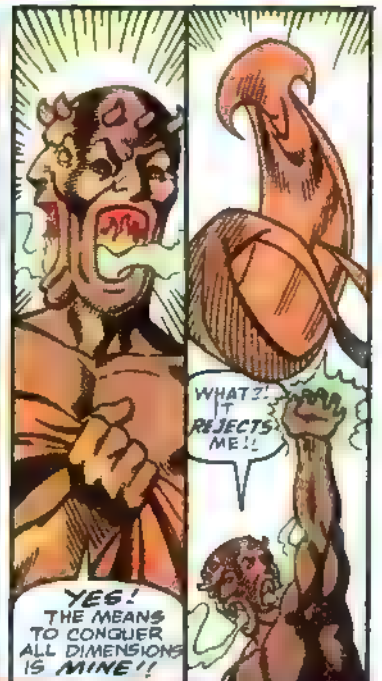
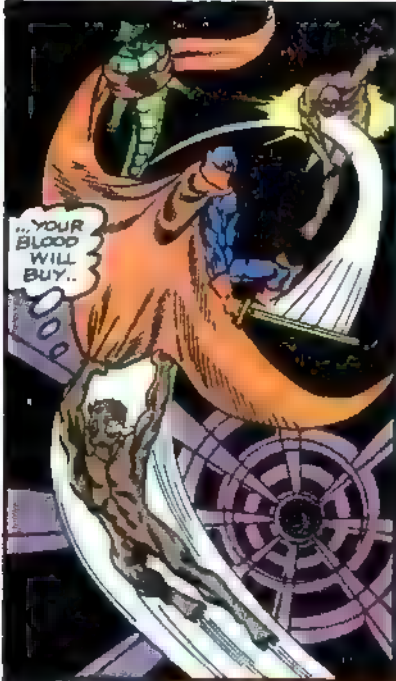
STOP, FOOL!
YES, DEVIL-SLAYER
HAS ENTERED OUR
TRAP, BUT HE IS
STILL TOO
DANGEROUS!

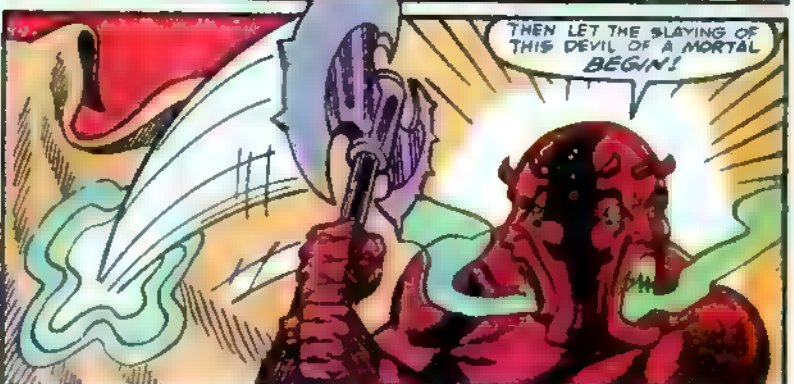
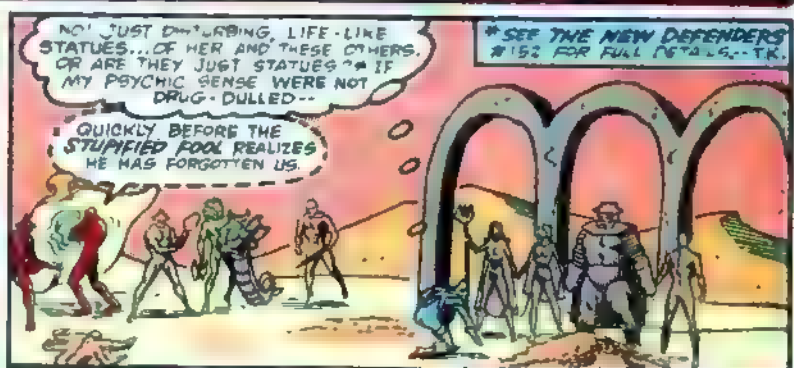
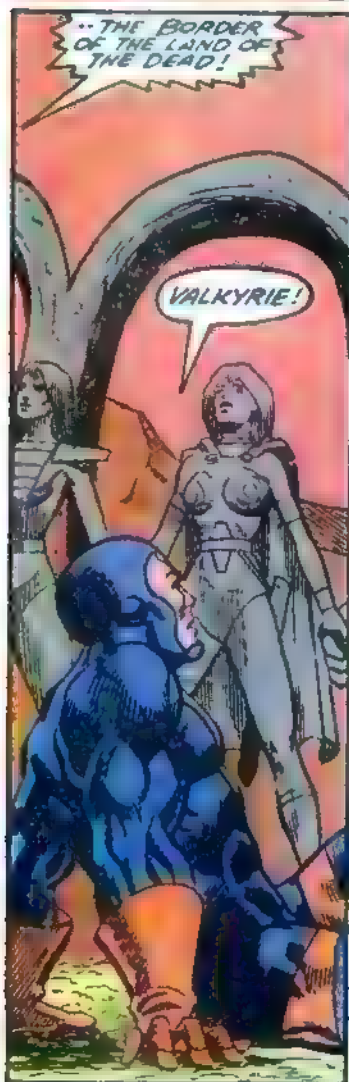
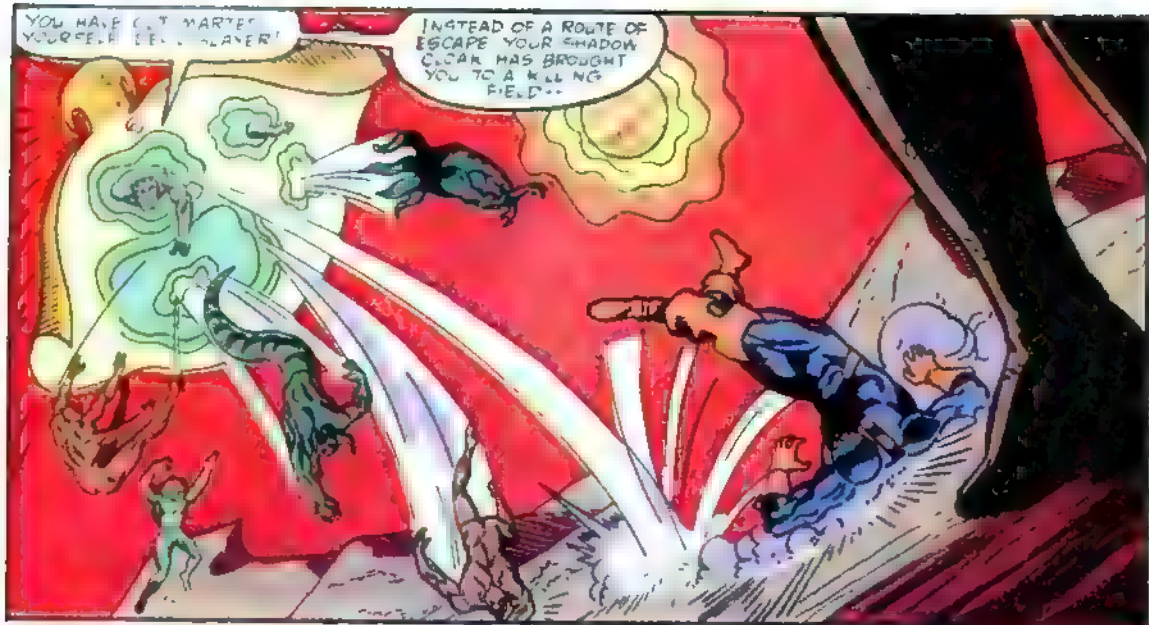
WAIT FOR
BALTHAZAR'S
SIGNAL, THEN WE
WILL HAVE BOTH
HIM AND HIS
PRECIOUS SHADOW
CLOAK!

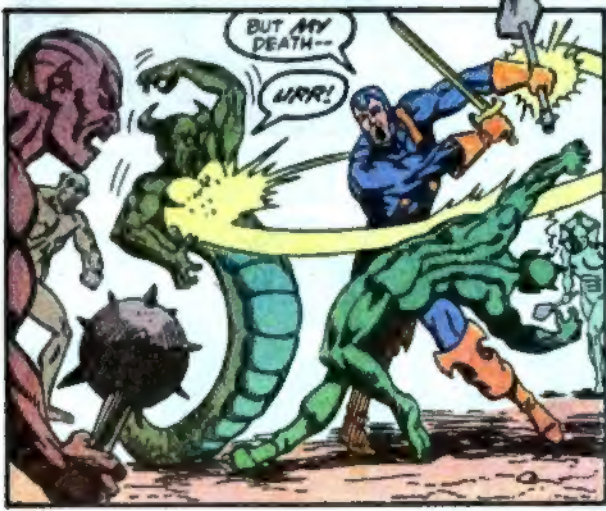
*SEE THE DEFENDER'S # 58-60--TK.

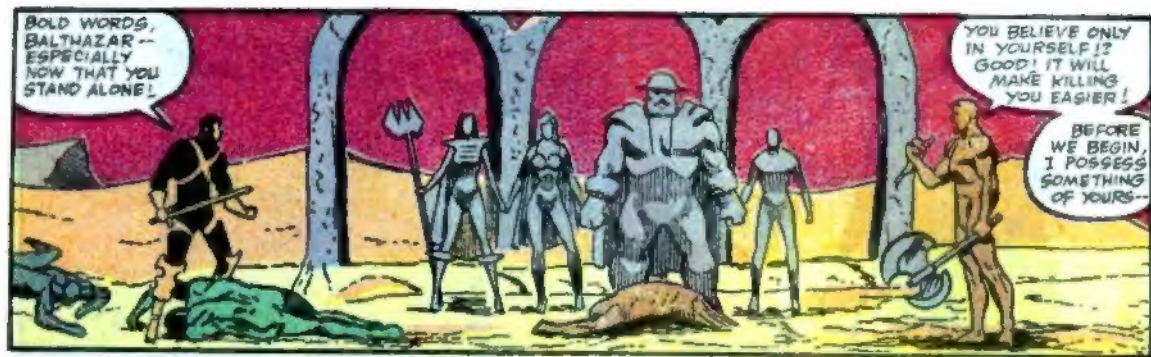












BOLD WORDS,
BALHAZAR--
ESPECIALLY
NOW THAT YOU
STAND ALONE!

YOU BELIEVE ONLY
IN YOURSELF!?
GOOD! IT WILL
MAKE KILLING
YOU EASIER!

BEFORE
WE BEGIN,
I POSSESS
SOMETHING
OF YOURS--



--ALLOW ME TO
RETURN IT!!

MY SHADOW
CLOAK--NO!!



THE RE-
BONDING
--OVER-
WHELMING!

I SEE YOUR
MIND REELS
OVER MY
GENEROSITY!

MY
EYES!

OR
IS IT BECAUSE
YOUR PSYCHIC
SENSE IS STILL
TOO DRUGGED
TO CONTROL?



YOU ARE TOO
DANGEROUS A
FOE TO TOY
WITH FURTHER!
THUS--

--BAH! GROPING
FOR YOUR SWORD
WON'T SAVE YOU!
YOU CANNOT SEE
WHERE TO STRIKE!

YOU'RE
RIGHT,
DEMON
LORD!



DRAGON-
FANG
GUIDE
MY HAND!



IT'S OVER.

OR
IS
IT?

I DON'T NEED MY
RECOVERING PSY-
CHIC SENSE TO
TELL ME THAT
HAVING THIS EN-
CHANTED SWORD...



... AND
COMING TO
THIS FORLORN
LAND OF
TRAGEDY AND
MYSTERY
WAS NO
ACCIDENT!



YOU CAUSED BOTH TO
HAPPEN, DRAGONFANG.
WHY? WAS IT A TEST?
AM I TO BE YOUR
NEW MASTER?



Ahhh!
MY
HAND!



IT SEEMS THE ANSWER
IS NO! THEN, WHAT?
PERHAPS... YOUR
MISTRESS NEEDS YOU!
PERHAPS INSTEAD OF
PEACE IN THE TRANS-
SCENDENT PLANE...

...VALKYRIE
HAS ENCOUNTER-
ED A WAR!



BUT TO REUNITE
BOTH, I NEED AN
IRRESISTIBLE
PSYCHIC BRIDGE!
SOMETHING LIKE
THIS! HER...

...REMAINS...



IT'S DONE.
FAREWELL,
FALLEN
COMRADE...



...FARE-
WELL,
VALKYRIE!

THE END.

DEVIL-SLAYER™

VS. HIS PERSONAL DEMONS!

